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Therefore it was, that while Louis was resolved to punish with severity a man who while professing to be his emissary had betrayed his secrets to other powers, yet he also desired that the method of punishment should be concealed, and the identity of the unlucky offender should be destroyed. "You will guard him in such a manner that no one may know you have a new prisoner," was the order given by Louvois in 1679, while the King's own direction was that no one should know what became of the man. Mattioli was secretly arrested, his face was masked when he was carried to the prison, and for many years special pains were taken to conceal the fact that a subject of the Duke of Mantua was kept, in violation of international law and all law, in a French fortress.

Long before the death of the ill-fated Mattioli, he had ceased to be important. He was kept in confinement, as was many another luckless prisoner, because it would have been inconvenient to let him out, and the manner of his confinement, exaggerated by some careless entries in the prison records, and seized upon by the most ingenious of writers, made of him a famous character.

Apparently the mystery is solved. It was not so much of a mystery as was supposed, but Mr. Hopkins's book gives in readable form the truth about the "man in the mask," and some account of the ingenious fictions that have been composed in reference to "The Man in the Iron Mask."

JAMES BRECK PERKINS.

The Rise of the Russian Empire. By HECTOR H. MUNRO. (Boston : L. L. Page and Co.; London : Grant Richards. 1900. Pp. xii, 334.)

MR. MUNRO has chosen a good field. In these days when the increasing importance of the Russian Empire and everything concerning it are being universally recognized, a clear account of the early history and development of this mighty state should appeal to the general public as well as to the scholar. In English we have hitherto had almost nothing on the subject, except Rallston's little book and the few chapters in the translation of Rambaud. Here was a chance for an excellent bit of work. We do not demand original investigation or close acquaintance with the sources; a satisfactory knowledge of the latest results of Russian scholarship, and the ability to make use of them could have furnished us with all we ask for. The task was tempting and not too difficult. How has it been fulfilled in the present volume?

We turn, to begin with, to the "list of Works consulted," "arranged somewhat in the order in which they have been found useful." At the head of them stands the French translation of Karamzin, published in 1819. This is a shock. Of course, Karamzin is a classic whom every student of Russian history should consult, but what should we think of a foreigner who cited as his first authority for a new history of England, a French translation of Hume? Continuing, we see in the list many val-

able works that belong there ; we also note glaring omissions, for instance Miliukov and Bielaev among Russian, Brückner and Cahun among foreign scholars. The English translation of Rambaud, published in 1879, comes fourth in the order of usefulness. If Rambaud is to be put so high, at least the latest French edition accessible with his matured and corrected views should have been used ; and what, in all conscience, is Freeman's *Ottoman Power in Europe* doing more than half way up ? A lack of broader knowledge, too, is shown by Mr. Munro's old-fashioned view of the Byzantine Empire, now rejected by all students of the subject, by his treatment of Polish topics and his spelling of Polish names, and by his repetition of the usual exaggerations as to the size of the Tartar armies. When he attempts parallels they are not particularly happy ; witness his comparison between Oleg and Charlemagne, which is absurd.

Still, it is not with the detail of his facts, in the main accurate enough, that we have to quarrel with him ; it is rather in his appreciation and treatment of them. Not merely is he prejudiced, as when his dislike to the Orthodox church—and it would seem to the Christian faith in general,—makes him entirely fail to grasp how much their religion and its ministers have done for the Russian people ; he has also fallen, and fallen hopelessly, into the commonest of all mistakes in dealing with things Russian, that of regarding them as abnormal. Thus, instead of treating the early history as a subject, interesting and in some ways peculiar enough, but still perfectly comprehensible, and fundamentally governed by the same rules as that of other states, he is continually trying to impress us with the strangeness of his theme. There is a striving for effect from the beginning to the end of the book : nothing is ever natural, it is all lurid or grotesque or both. The result of this craving for the picturesque is a confused mass of word painting, which only a brilliant style could have redeemed ; and the style is atrocious. It may be a writer's misfortune, not a fault, that he has not a positively good style, but there is no excuse for the badness of pages of turgid rhetoric mixed with ineffective sarcasms, not infrequently in bad taste. The countless similes too, in which the author indulges are hardly ever happy ; the masses of double-barreled adjectives are very exasperating, the whole is confused and wearisome.

These faults would deserve less attention if they were defects in English. Unfortunately they are characteristic of Mr. Munro's whole attitude towards his subject and indicate his failure as an historian. Russian history should be viewed in just as cool commonplace a fashion as that of any other country, and its phenomena examined just as calmly. Under such treatment they lose any extraordinary character. The rapid conquest of a mass of disunited Slav tribes by Varangian adventurers is easy enough to understand, as is the dividing up of the empire thus formed among the different children of the princes, in a way common in primitive societies : the reasons why Russia got her religion from Constantinople not Rome, why she was conquered by the Tartars, and why after

the Tartar empire had crumbled she found herself separated from the rest of Europe are capable of natural explanation, and do not call for any particular rhetoric.

One other criticism of detail is perhaps worth making, the treatment and transcription of Russian names. This question of transcription is one on which people disagree entirely, and where it is often difficult to agree with one's self. Mr. Munro at least has a distinct system; it is barbarous looking and he is by no means always consistent in its use, but there is no advantage in wrangling with him here. More annoying is his pleasure in putting in foreign words where English ones would have served every purpose as well, as in his continual repetition of Novgorodskie and Tsarskie and Ljnedimitri, etc., and his affectations such as Moskva, Warszawa, Wien. If we insisted in writing the name of every well-known foreign capital in its native form we might just as legitimately put in the Chinese characters for the word Pekin. In the present instance this unnecessary parade of accuracy seems like part of the general striving for effect which is the chief cause of the disappointment one feels in reading what might otherwise have been a useful book.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. An Historical Study, 1735–1806. By LORD EDMUND FITZMAURICE. (London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green and Co. 1901. Pp. vi, 147.)

THIS is, as the title page apprizes us, an historical study, not a biography. The fact is to be regretted, for a biography of Charles William Ferdinand remains yet to be written, and will be a contribution of no mean value to the history both of enlightened despotism and the French Revolution. Indeed it is a cause for surprise, that neither in German nor in English there has yet appeared what may properly be termed a biography of a man who once aroused the thrilling interest and received the plaudits of the English and the German public. On the score of pathos alone less prominent actors on the human stage have attracted a biographer. For this Duke of Brunswick is he, whom for his youthful exploits in the Seven Years' War Frederick the Great and Pitt hailed as "The Young Hero," and whose fame, after burning brightly for half a hundred years, went out suddenly and completely, beyond the hope of relighting, under the smoke and wreckage of the double battle of Jena and Auerstadt. This is a tragedy on almost a Greek scale, and is enforced by many incidents of a career which seemed to be the constant play of a blind, spiteful chance. Thus it can only be described as one of Nature's huge cynicisms that he, the darling and exemplar of the German *Aufklärung*, should have become identified with, nay, made himself the very mouth-piece of that leagued feudalism, which made itself an eternal laughing-stock in the Brunswick manifesto of July, 1792, against the Revolution.